

# THE WESLEYAN

*Ad Astra per Asperum*

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

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**New Year's Number**



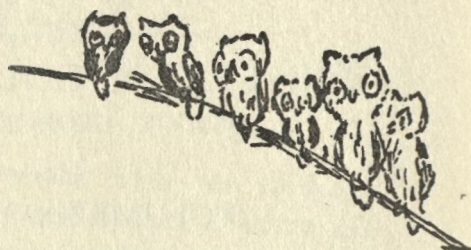
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## *Foreword*

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### Happy New Year!

AS bewhiskered Father Time  
plods away into the dust  
of the centuries and the  
Little New Year frolics in  
The Wesleyan takes time to be  
jubilant.

“A Wesleyan Welcome” we  
are extending to the Infant Year  
and may he bring an ideal realized,  
a hope fulfilled, and a life  
well-rounded to each one.

# *Announcing*

The Winner of the Short  
Story Contest for the New  
Year's Issue of *The Wesleyan*

MISS SARA JENKINS

(CLASS OF 1926)

With the Short Story "High  
Finance." The Prize to be  
Five Dollars in Gold ::



*The Next Contest will be  
in Familiar Essay Writing.*



## High Finance

(Prize Story.)

By SARA JENKINS.

MRS. ROBERTSON tipped the porter, took off her hat, and settled herself in her section with a sigh of content and the reflection that she lived at the end of the earth and had the best husband in the world.

The first reflection was due to the fact that it is three days' travel from Jacksonville to New York—a whole twenty-four more than from Charleston, which was still home in spite of twenty years spent in Florida. The second was the result of John's parting gift—a one hundred dollar bill—"not to spend on the children nor to lend to Bob but to buy something just for herself." Yes, even though John had warned her so many times to take care and not lose that money before she got to spend it, as though she were a child of five, he was the very best of husbands. She would buy—her thoughts took up a perfect orgy of plans.

Her thoughts were still in a whirl of purchasings which would have spent many times the hundred dollars when she was interrupted by a low pitched feminine voice,

"Excuse me, but have you any soda?"

Now there is a class of women in this world to whom their cureall is the open sesame to their hearts. Mrs. Robertson was one of these. Years before she had been convinced that all her ills sprang from coffee and drank two cups at each meal because it was to be her last. Later fresh air became her cureall. But to-day it was soda.

This might have accounted for Mrs. Robertson's ardent air of sympathy. She rushed to her bags.

"Indigestion? I have it always, but soda is a sure cure. A teaspoonful in a glass of water. You are across the aisle?"

Three days may be a long time. Certainly long enough for two women traveling alone to become fairly well acquainted. Mrs. Robertson felt that she had an ideal companion. The stranger shared her respect for soda, was quiet, a good listener to her continual chatter, rather dependent in contrast to her confidence.

They breakfasted, lunched and dined in each other's company. When Mrs. Robertson lost her glasses, her pocket-book, her magazine, the stranger always knew just where to lay her hands on it. As Mrs. Robertson wrote John, "She is entirely charming and has made this tiresome trip pleasant for me."

The third morning found them breakfasting together.

"It's my son, Bob, I'm going to see," Mrs. Robertson confided. "He's gone and gotten himself engaged to some girl in New York. I don't like it. Seems to me his home girls are the sort for him. But you never can tell about a stranger. Bob's gifted and high strung and I'd like him to have a wife I could be sure was doing right by him. Being a mother, I guess you can understand the way I feel about it."



It seemed that Mrs. James could.

"Yes, even more than being a mother. My daughter is going to marry some man she has met up here. She is a writer on a paper and I hate to see her give it up for a man who probably isn't worthy of her and won't understand her gifts."

"Yes," Mrs. Robertson went on. "I see that you do really know. Really, gifted children are a responsibility, don't you think? Bob is an illustrator and is doing so well."

An interruption in the form of a waiter came then with the bill, but Mrs. Robertson was not interrupted. She chattered on,

"Where is my pocketbook? I know I brought it."

Her friend told her,

"It's in that chair beside you, I think."

"So it is," the irrepressible Mrs. Robertson went on. "These diners certainly do make up big bills. It's entirely foolish to pay so much for one's breakfast. Are you ready to go back to our car?"

For an hour Mrs. Robertson kept up a rapid fire conversation. She gleaned two facts from Mrs. James during that time: her destination, her mother's home in a small New York village; and, finally, that it was time for her to tidy up before leaving the train.

"I wish you'd hold this," she requested Mrs. Robertson, extending her pocketbook. "I won't be long, and I don't want the worry of it in the dressing room."

Mrs. Robertson took it and smiled back at her as she departed.

Perhaps a psychologist could explain what happened next. Certainly a lay-

man couldn't have. Mrs. Robertson was a very respectable citizen. Never before in her life had she opened anything belonging to someone else, but suddenly she felt that she must open that pocketbook. As she fought that overwhelming desire, it increased. Finally she loosed the clasp.

There, right on top lay a hundred dollar bill! It was the second she had seen in her whole life. She wondered—the woman could always locate her pocketbook.

Frenziedly she turned to her own pocketbook. No, John had advised her to put it separate from her other money and she had put it behind the little mirror. It wasn't there!

She had never believed much in these refined thieves who haunted public places, but she had read of them and they were always fascinating. Always they were charmingly innocent and helpless. But she would outwit this one!

The woman had actually thought that she was so green that she had given her the pocketbook with her own hundred dollar bill in it. With a satisfied smile Mrs. Robertson moved the bill from its resting place to its old location behind the little mirror.

When that creature came back, Mrs. Robertson's gay flow of conversation had frozen. She merely said, "Your pocketbook;" and, although she had meant to ask the woman to write to her, her final "Good-bye" was more than frigid.

It was only an hour before her arrival in New York was due. She must look nice for Bob. He must not think that she looked small-town and old. Mrs. Robertson loved to be told that she look-

*(Continued on page 34)*



## Reverie of a Christmas Tree on New Year's Day

By ROBERTA HOWARD.

ONCE I was the pride of a season. Now I lay on an alley bed of weeds and leaf litter, all alone. Gone is the glory of my crowning star, my worshiping tongues of light, my silver and red overdress of many streamers. Only a memory of the happiness I gave is left to comfort me on this first day of January.

Hear my story, messenger-bird of the old home forest. Sigh with me, ye soft west wind! Long ago I reared my head proudly in the pine forest. 'Twas a proud life and position I held. But I found a better one of which I shall tell you.

From the forest men came and carried me to the town. There I was taken out and put in a noisy place of white tables, shining cutlery and steaming food. People all about me said "Christmas has really come for even the Cafeteria has a tree." A little girl forgot to eat the cream before her when my boughs were covered in their silver trappings. Close under the drooping screen they made a young man and girl ate slowly, their eyes starry with thoughts of a future tree of their own. Later an aged mother walked slowly around me, sitting down in a near corner. When she hurried out with tear-filled eyes a woman whispered, "Her



Christmas trees used to be the prettiest I ever saw, her children are scattered now." I tell you that I saw Life in that place.

But before I could learn of all those that came, other men came and put me in a truck. Up a steep hill I was carried and placed in a large room of a long brick building, where girls on every side exclaimed, "That's our very Christmas Tree for to-night." A new comer asked, "What's it all about?"

"The Sophomore - Freshman kid party of course," was the answer. Then I knew I was at the place called Wesleyan. Behind closed doors they decked me again in holiday dress. At last they came, two hundred at least it seemed to me. But half were boys and half girls, yet all were "Wesleyannes," they said. Almost unseen, I stayed in the corner till some one said, "Just two weeks from to-morrow," and they gave me no more chance to be lonesome.

Till Tuesday I remained in the Grand Parlor, then they carried me to the Chapel where on the stage I lay. There my dress was rearranged "for the Orphans." Bulky packages, candy-filled stockings and odd-shaped bundles were tied on my waiting arms. Santa Claus



came and cut them off for the seventy children guests of the Y. W. C. A. How happy they looked as they clumped up the steps! How eagerly their fingers broke the cords! When Santa called "Jack Smith," a little boy called, "Gee, that's me" and fairly flew down the aisle. One girl who had clapped so long for all the others who had been up to Santa for their present thought Santa had forgotten her. But when her time came next to the last one, her package was as large as she could manage. Oh, how happy she was!

"Surely now I will have outlived my usefulness," I thought. But no, on Wednesday they moved me again, into a circle of kind black faces of the college servants. There again were the gayly wrapped bundles and candy gifts. For them the tree meant more than a place to receive gifts. It was a place of good will and hearty wishes for the holiday that came to them, too.

That night I was dragged, not into the trash, but into a little room, Georgia Building. There on Thursday night in a sitting room I became the center of attraction for nearly fifty girls of the dormitory.

Here, too, were gifts of little things to make life happy. Also fruit, raisins and candy were strewn about.

That was the end I knew, when all the girls left for home, and the house was deserted. No tree I had ever heard of had the record of four affairs, much

less five. But even then I was not out-cast. Careful hands took me to a little home in an alley, where Johnnie, the front door maid, lived. All about me swarmed little black children to see the tree that had come all the way from Wesleyan for their Christmas. "Ther's a little boy nex' do' what aint got no papa, and I'm gonna have him over to my fam'ly's tree," Johnnie had said. There on Christmas day Santa came again, and with him the thought of Him who said, "—On earth peace, good will to men."

It is good to lie on the alley bed when I have such memories to go with me. I could never have known of such kind thoughtfulness in my woods. Nor could I have been of such service to mankind. Gone is the glory of my silver star, my tongues of light, my silver and red overdress of many streamers. Only a memory of the happiness I gave is left to me—but what a memory!

"Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant

Away in a sunny clime;  
By humble growth of a hundred years  
It reaches it blooming time.  
And then a wondrous bud at its crown

Breaks forth in a thousand flowers.

This floral queen, in its blooming seen,  
Is the pride of tropical bowers.

But the plant to the flower's a sacrifice  
It blooms but once, and in blooming dies."



## *Long Live the King*

*The king is dead! The year is o'er,  
And twenty-four with bended head  
Has started down the weary road  
To join the years already dead.*

*But yesterday he entered in,  
An ambitious, eager boy,  
To rule a year of earthly peace,  
To be supreme a year of joy.*

*And now he journeys toward the west,  
The sun-set glory sees him on,  
And earth has turned to meet the new  
Forgotten now the year that's gone.*

*Long live the king! The cry is passed.  
The new year enters, head held high,  
And laughs up at the gray-blue form  
That vanishes into the sky.*

—DOROTHY M. MCKAY.



## Emptiness

By ELIZABETH COATES.

(Honorable Mention.)

AS the train sped rapidly onward, events of her life passed through the mind of Polly Redmond. Sometimes a smile fluttered across her face, only to be quickly dispelled by gloom. Under the easily discernible sorrow on her face there were lines deeper than ordinary grief. As the young college girl settled herself back into her chair to remain quiet a few minutes and then to jerk herself up and change her position, an observer would have seen an intense nervousness. It might have been promoted by remorse.

She picked up a magazine and, turning from the possible gaze of any passer, she leaned back and tried to read. But thoughts of the past and of the present came before her mind, and for some time she continued to day dream.

It was during her childhood that the trouble first began and it had grown bigger since. She might have averted it. And yet, it was her fault only in part. Nobody had explained things to her and she had only those things to go by which people had offered to tell her.

She had come in from playing in the yard one day. There was a frown on her face and a streak of dirt showed where her little hands had pushed the curls back from her face. She had always pushed her hair back when she was worried.

A step-mother? What was a step-mother? Was she different from any

other kind of mother? Why did Tommy turn up his nose when he said it? He had said: "Nobody ought to mind their step-mother and everybody ought to be mean to them."

What did it all mean? Again the dirty little hands nervously pushed the ringlets from the baby face. Her mother was a sweet mother no matter what she was. But she would ask daddy about this; he would know.

When daddy came home she climbed into his lap and asked him what a step-mother was. He hastily put her down and told her that somebody had been putting silly notions into her head; she must not remember them. But she did, and she also remembered the way her father had acted. She often thought of the way Tommy had said "step-mother" and sneeringly turned up his nose.

Affairs had drifted on until Polly was in Junior High School. Then her father had lost all of his money when one of the big banks failed. Everybody had sympathized so much and her mother had cried a great deal. Many of mother's lady friends had come in to say how sorry they were, and most of them had cried, too. Moving was the worst part, for the new house was not as pretty as their other home. Another inconvenient thing had been that they did not keep servants any more. Mother was doing the house work and Polly was helping her. However, that wasn't so bad either. It had been fun learn-

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## Uncle George Philosophizes

By MAMIE HARMON.

The family sits around the fire, watching rather fretfully the Old Year's dying gasps.

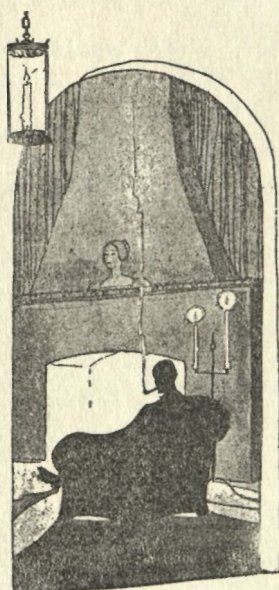
"I don't see how in the world we are to get through another year. I suppose we'll all celebrate next Christmas in the poor house," growls Dad, whose cheerful disposition is somewhat submerged by a vivid mental picture of the bills on the way to his domicile.

"Well, for my part, I don't see how any of us are to be alive this time next Christmas. I'm very sure I won't." This from the daughter of the family, who is suffering from a superabundance of fruit cake and indigestion.

Mother, who has not heard a word of the conversation, chimes in. "Why on earth did Mrs. Jones send me a Christmas card? Just to spite me, I suppose. She knew I'd never remember her, the old——." The sentence vanishes in a grumble. To some people New Year's Day is just a chance to send cards to the people you forgot on Christmas.

"Why all the fuss?" puts in Uncle George, one of the genus popularly called the "incurable optimist." "I thought this was the time of the year to start all over."

A chorus of objections results. "Start all over! Start on *what* I'd like to know!"



"Start on your good looks if nothing else," grins Uncle George. But why shouldn't he grin? *He* never ate too much fruit cake and he always had enough money to pay his bills.

And so it goes! New Year's Day is one of those delightfully vague occasions that means to each individual just the thing that his particular character calls for.

Uncle George waxes loquacious from his comfortable corner by the fire. "Some people get to thinking that it's old-fashioned to make New Year resolutions. It may be old but anyway it's a good sort of fashion. Just because they resolved every year from the time they could lisp to be good children, and just because every year they broke that same resolution on the second day of January, they've gotten so sceptical that they would be afraid to resolve to wash their faces every day for the next year. Why shouldn't we start over? Just because you stump your toe once in a while is no reason for sitting down in the middle of the road for the rest of your life."

The family looks astounded but Uncle George is enjoying it thoroughly.

"You know they say that if you put a frog in a kettle of water and heat it gradually, he will boil to death without

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## *The Enchanted Moonbeam*

By HELOISA MARINHO.

(*Honorable Mention.*)

**M**IND, I am no ordinary silver coin but an enchanted moonbeam! How I came to be here? Well that is a long story, full of strange adventure which I will tell you before I go home to Mother Moon.

Once upon a time I was dancing with my brother moonbeams under a cassia tree. We skipped merrily round and round playing with the golden blossoms the south wind had shaken from the tree. When Mother Moon called us to go home I did not want to go, and lingered behind the others. Alas! I tarried too long. On coming home I saw Mother Moon standing at the door, arms akimbo with her round face all in a frown.

"You rascal, why did you come in so late? So you like to be down there, do you? Well, I'll make you stay down there longer than you would like, to cure you of such misbehavior."

I started crying and said: "But Mother I would like to come back after a while."

"Well," she said softening, "I'll transform you into a silver coin which has the power to fulfill all the wishes of its possessor. I will let you come home as soon as you have made somebody happy."

That's how I came to be here! I played merrily all night among the golden blooms of the cassia tree, but in the morning the hot sun made me long for the cool cradle in which my brother moonbeams and I sleep during the day. I looked for someone I could make happy. Before me, in the golden glow of the

sunshine, was a green meadow dotted here and there with purple blossoms.

"Cecy, just look at the flowers!" said the merry voice of a little boy beside me, as he and a little girl came running down the field.

"I am tired. Juca, let us rest awhile," said the little girl, sitting down on the soft grass.

"Let me, let me bring you some flowers first," pleaded Juca shyly.

Cecy tossed her head back with a bright smile and said; "All right."

Being a moonbeam, I had seen many beautiful things but I assure you I never say a more charming girl. Her eyes were black and bright like diamonds, and her lips were red, like the blooms of the flamboyant trees in the summertime.

Juca soon came back with a large bunch of flowers. "Cecy, they are all for you," he said laying them down at her feet.

"Thank you, Juca, sit down now, and tell me about your dream. You know you said this morning you would tell it to me."

"Well," he said reluctantly, "it was a dream about you and me."

"What was it all about?" asked Cecy curiously.

"I, I dreamed you were my bride. And I do believe there couldn't be a more beautiful bride in all the world."

"Did you really dream that, Juca? And where did we live after we were married?"



"I dreamed that right here, near this field full of lovely blossoms, we had a little thatched cottage all our own."

"A thatched cottage, well that might do, but don't you think, Juca, that a palace like the one in the fairy tale Mother has been telling us about would be better?"

"I don't know how we could get it," said Juca sadly.

"Never mind, don't be sad," consoled Cecy, "a thatched cottage will do."

But I, as a moonbeam who had seen much of this world, did not agree with Juca and said to myself: "That little girl is a born princess. I know I could make her happy if I belonged to her." I moved where I would be in the sunshine. The little girl saw me and exclaimed:

"Oh, what a pretty silver coin. I will take it home and show it to Mother." Saying this she picked me up and ran home.

That night Cecy's Mother told her some fairy tales. When she went to bed she dreamed of a beautiful castle full of charming princes and princesses. "Oh, how I wish I could be there," said Cecy. She had hardly said that when Mother Moon appeared in her dream, and said to her:

"If you want your wish granted say to the silver coin you found in the meadow:



"Tinkle, tinkle, silver coin,

Grant this wish to me  
A princess in a castle fair

I would like to be."

When the sunrises kissed her eyelids the next morning Cecy awoke in a beautiful castle. She had hardly opened her eyes when six maids in black dresses and white hoods and aprons came in.

"What does your majesty desire?" they asked, bowing low.

"I, I am no princess," stammered Cecy, "I am just a little country girl."

"Just listen to her," exclaimed the maids. "Your majesty is the most beautiful princess in the world."

Cecy felt a little strange for a moment, but then remembering her dream she thought: "If they think I am a princess, a princess I will be."

The maids dressed her in shining red silk, adorned with precious ermine. After breakfast she was shown through the vast halls of the castle. I had put in that castle everything which I thought would please Cecy for I was getting homesick and was anxious to get back to Mother Moon. The castle was much more beautiful than any castle in the fairy tales Cecy's Mother knew. Having been a moonbeam, I had seen something of the world, and knew what things should look like. The staircases and the tall columns were of shining

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## *Fortunes*

*The flame is leaping brightly  
And the embers are aglow  
In the fire lit on New Year's Eve.  
And my fortunes seek I lightly  
As the shadows come and go.  
I would fain to know my future ere I leave.*

*Though the ruby flames are vivid  
And the coals are garnet sheen,  
As they shine against the chimney throat.  
Yet the ashes dropping livid  
On the pallid hearth careen  
And their gentle thud resounds a plaintive note.*

*Oh! my fate seek I no longer  
Till my head and heart be stronger.  
Still there's honor in the flame!  
The light and shadows gaily change and weave  
I will seek no more my fate  
In the fire lit on New Year's Eve.*

—ISABELLA DEAS HARRIS.



*What is Man?\**

By PROF. J. C. HINTON.

THE question "What is man?", asked by Job, and again in the Psalms, is one of century-old interest, and never more so than now.

Evolution proposes to give us his origin. The Bible proposes to do more, to indicate an origin befitting such a being, and a destiny entirely in keeping with such an origin. Some, using the term evolution loosely, not as defined by the biologist, have cited as instances of progressive improvement the marvelous changes in such machines as the printing press, from the primitive press, operated by hand, to the great Hoe press, turning out scores of thousands of papers in a day; or the aeroplane, from the first machine of the Wright brothers, to the mighty machines, by which the world has now been circumnavigated. And there has been created thus a presumption favorable to the acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis.

Such progressive improvement in machinery is suggestive of progressive change and general improvement as a law in the realm of nature also. Yet it must be noted that in no machine is there resident within a force, responding to environment without, to bring about such changes as are indicated, and certainly none that can change the machine into something else. Hence there is no bearing on the doctrine of evolution, biologically considered.

The marvelous achievements of such

wizards as Luther Burbank in the vegetable kingdom, and of others in the improvement of animal stock, have been supposed to have more bearing upon the question. But achievement in any case has been strictly limited to improvement in that particular kind of thing with which a start was made. And this improvement has been brought about by intelligent superintendence in selection and providing a favorable environment. No claim is made, I suppose, that a tendency has been observed to change from something into something else. What such intelligent superintendence might accomplish, if continued a million years or more, is left to the conjectures of theorists. However, it is understood that if the intelligent superintendence is withdrawn, there is a rather rapid reversion to the original type. All of us have had experience of this in our own gardens. This would suggest that what is needed to accomplish change and improvement is not some mere force resident in bodies, but some intelligent superintendent, an immanent God, controlling and directing all that is done.

The Bible says: "In the beginning . . . the earth was without form and was void." Astronomical science indicates that not only the earth, but the whole system of which the earth is a part, was at one time exactly in the condition thus fitly described by the writer of Genesis. The telescope shows us

\*NOTE:—The writer was not responsible for the occasion of this paper prepared somewhat involuntarily, with no view to publicity, and read to a limited audience, under limiting conditions as to time, a quarter of an hour. A whole hour would not suffice for the matter considered. The paper is published reluctantly, on request, the inadequacy of the treatment from any view-point being recognized. Only matters of transcendent importance are stressed. The writer believes the positions taken are impregnable, though the materialist will not admit this.



many inchoate systems in the state described. It is generally held that the solar system was once a nebulous mass, or the equivalent, extending out beyond the orbit of Neptune, the outermost planet, not having the definite form or forms that we now see in the sun, the planets and their satellites. The Bible states that this mass was "void," i. e. empty, a vacuity, so to speak. An easy calculation shows that the average density of such a mass, exactly the same then as now, would be vastly less than that of the most perfect vacuum that can be produced in any laboratory. It is nothing save the luminiferous ether, so ethereal that it is only visible to hypothetical outsiders by reason of being looked at through billions of miles of nebulous matter. No more apt description of such a condition than "void," used by the Bible, could be found. The Bible, however, precedes the statement quoted by "In the beginning God created" this condition.

On the other hand, as representatives of materialistic science, Haeckel, among biologists, and Laplace, among astronomers, are unwilling to recognize anything but matter and some force resident in matter, as dispensing with the necessity of anything outside, to guide in the changes that have come about. Of course, they can not explain how primordial inorganic matter came into existence, or how life was introduced into it.

Napoleon said to Laplace: "Monsieur Laplace, they tell me that you have written this big book [the *Mécanique Céleste*] about the universe, without once mentioning its Creator."

Laplace replied: "I had no need of that hypothesis."

Laplace's Nebular Hypothesis was the forerunner of the Evolution Hypothesis, and held sway during the 19th century, and was more generally accepted as proved than the hypothesis of biological evolution is considered to be now.

As discoveries in physical astronomy were made during the century, changes in the theory had to be made in an effort to adapt it to ascertained facts. In the last year of the century we find in the leading science magazine of this country, a periodical thoroughly committed to the evolution doctrine, this statement: "In certain essential respects 'the Nebular Hypothesis' is at variance with facts."

The same year was promulgated the Planetesimal Theory by Moulton and Chamberlin of the University of Chicago, which is believed to be more in accord with ascertained facts, and not open to the objections brought against the Nebular Hypothesis.

From one of Moulton's books I quote as follows: "It is certain now that the Nebular Hypothesis can no longer be maintained as a possibility." Again: "The Laplacian theory has been seen to have fatal weaknesses and to be no longer tenable."

Query, when may an hypothesis be considered to be firmly established? Newton, generally considered to be the greatest name in mathematics, physics and mathematical astronomy, being prone to stick to facts, on one occasion talked to his nephew interestingly on some theoretical matters in astronomy. His nephew asked him why he did not, like others, publish such interesting views.

He said: "I do not put forth hypotheses." Biologists may be inde-

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## “Little Sister”

By REBECCA RAY.

THE family row had started over little Peggy Brown, whose three whole years of learning had not equipped her with the comprehension of what it meant to lose a mother when the father had died just a year before.

“Carrie’s dying wish was for me to have Peggy though,” declared Mrs. Murphy to Mr. Henry Brown, the child’s uncle.

It happened that Mrs. Carl Murphy was a first cousin and close friend to Peggy’s mother, and her one great desire was a little girl because her own baby girl had died. It was on account of this that she had implored her dying cousin to let her keep the child, and she had consented.

“I can take the child by law, I tell you,” emphatically declared Henry Brown, Peggy’s father’s brother in remonstrating with Mrs. Murphy.

“All right! Just try and see,” she answered with fire in her eyes and the same amount of zeal.

“Why, to have that catty woman take that kid,” defiantly spoke Henry Brown to his wife. “She thinks she’s so fine because she’s married to some ole’ rich codger with a right smart o’ dough and a big automobile. She ain’t nothing but a cousin, and I’m her daddy’s own brother. No siree! I ain’t gonna’ stan’ for it,” he stormed to his wife, getting on a little higher pitch at each word. “I



don’t care if I have got Peggy’s little orphan brother, Bobbie, and six children of my own to take care of. It’s my brother’s child, and I’m its nearest o’ kin.”

Little Peggy Brown, the main object of contention, was an unusual child. She was of the type worth fighting for.

Although her hair was perfectly straight its golden brown shade gave promise of beauty some day, and her big, brown eyes softly danced in their mysteriousness as she laughed and played with her toys.

As he sat in the tense silence of the court room Henry Brown’s hard, bony hands held his bowed face, which, with its furrowed wrinkles, looked as if he had gone through years of hard work and suffering in only a few weeks. The case had been up for two days, and the last witness was on the platform. With all the evidence and testimonials produced by the witnesses, Henry Brown had already reached his own conclusion as to what the outcome would be.

In desperation he got up and ambled his stooped figure over to where his wife sat with little Peggy, who with her big, mysterious eyes looked as if she wondered what it was all about anyway. She jumped out of her seat where she had been quiet so long, and ran to be clasped in her uncle’s arms as she cried, “I see you, Uncle Henry.”



Just at this moment the judge rose from his seat and rapped for order. "The jury has made its decision," he said in a loud sonorous tone. "By lawful right of blood," he continued, "the child should go to its uncle."

Henry Brown, almost breathless, sank upon the nearest seat with little Peggy in his arms. It seemed to him that his mind was nothing more than a painful aching of jumbled ideas. Would he get to keep her, or would they take her? Such were the thoughts that racked through his brain until it was nearly numb.

At last . . . it seemed hours to both Henry Brown and Mrs. Murphy . . . the judge announced that it was the decree of the court that the child should go to Mrs. Murphy, who would act as guardian until Peggy was of age.

The case had been carefully considered by the jury, and both plaintiff and defendant had received equal attention. But the facts that Mrs. Murphy had no children, that she was wealthy, and also that to her was given the dying message of her cousin to keep the baby, overbalanced the idea of adoption; in contrast to the facts that Henry Brown had six children of his own and Peggy's little orphan brother to care for and only a meagre income with which to finance such a family.

Nevertheless, taking his baby niece away from him was nearly like tearing out Henry Brown's own heart. He had first plead for the child, and then he had gone to the law about it.

"But it ain't no use, it ain't no use," he half mumbled to his wife after Mrs. Murphy had left in her big car with little Peggy.

"She just ain't human," he declared.

"I tell you, anybody that could stand there and glare at me like a mad dog while that kid was holding to my neck as tight as she could and a' cryin' to stay here. Why, she just ain't got no heart. That's all."

"Henry, just quit yo' worryin' now," consoled his quiet, easy tempered wife. "I guess the Lord knows what's best for us."

"Who said it was the best?" asked Henry. "Well, anyhow, I'll make her pay for it! You just wait and see."

Peggy's new home was almost a palace in contrast to the little house where she had lived in Graham. But she hardly knew the difference, and in a few days, with all her many toys and amusements she became well adapted to her new situation in life. Those impressions made during the three short years were not lasting, and uncles, aunts and even her little brother were almost forgotten in a few weeks.

But Peggy was not forgotten by either her uncle or her little brown-eyed brother. Schemes had begun to form in Henry Brown's mind by the time the dust of Mrs. Murphy's car had settled. He thought of how he and the little boy could write to Peggy and strengthen her love and affection toward them, and maybe make her so prejudiced against the foster mother that she would return to them of her own accord.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy did not remain foster parents in Peggy's eyes, for when she was adopted she was also given the name Murphy, and soon learned to call them mother and daddy. She didn't even know that she had ever had any other parents, and they were determined never to let her know the truth.



This was why Henry Brown could never get to see Peggy no matter how many times he called at the Murphy home. There would always be some excuse to give him for Peggy's absence.

She would always be ill, or at school, or at the dancing master's, or some place of amusement. Each time he would go back to tell the same sad story of disappointment to the little brother.

Then, letters were written, but no answer was ever received. Once in a while Mr. Murphy wrote Henry Brown a very cold note in a business like tone and told him in a general way that Peggy was all right, and for him not to worry. But this was the only communication carried on between the two families. No matter how hard they tried there was no way to get in touch with Peggy.

Probably the Browns could have wielded more influence if Peggy had known them, but she had never heard of any such people much less being acquainted with them. Her foster parents had carefully guarded the fact from her that she was not their own child. On the other hand, they had stressed the importance of the Murphy family. Mrs. Murphy even went so far as to make Peggy learn the family tree by the time she was fifteen years old.

Peggy's little brother, Bob, had developed into a fine-looking young man just as she had grown into a beautiful girl. At nineteen he was a sophomore at the state university, and quite a football star, too. In fact, he helped pay his way through college by playing football.

It was on Friday, November thirteenth, that Mercer University beat Tennessee in a football game with a score of 5-0. The little college town was gay

nearly all night long with the shouts, yells and songs and parades of the victorious college boys.

Bob returned from the game to the fraternity house, where he was a guest, in the most bedraggled spirits one could possibly have. He was absolutely deaf and dumb to all the conversation that was being carried on in the halls and rooms around him.

Suddenly he raised his head and listened. What were they saying? He thought that he had heard a familiar name called, but maybe he was just dreaming. He felt rather "bummed up" anyway. Becoming still more interested he got up and walked out into the hall where the boys were having a "session," as they called it.

"Oh, she's a peach, I'll say," remarked one of the boys as Bob approached.

"Who did you say was a peach? What's that girl's name you're talking about?" emphatically asked young Bob Brown.

"Oh, we were just discussing some new girls, freshmen over at the University for Women," chimed in several of the boys.

"But listen, ole' boy, there's not but one queen over there," drawled out a sleek "tea-hound." "Big, brown eyes and the prettiest black hair I ever saw! It's not even bobbed. That's my girl, I tell you, but I haven't had a chance to tell her yet."

"Is she the one you called Peggy just now?" asked Bob.

"Yep, that's the one," replied the interested young chap, "Peggy Murphy from Maryville, but don't ask me to introduce you to her 'cause I ain't letting any man meet that good-looking woman."



"Huh! I don't have to be introduced," retorted Bob, "she's my sister, and I'm going to see her right now."

With this sudden outburst, everybody turned and looked at Bob in amazement.

"Aw, he's just kiddin' you along," declared a wise senior, "maybe he'll get by with it and maybe he won't. I used to pretend I had a little sister over at the college for women, but it didn't work so well.

"But she's my real sister," Bob insisted. And he proceeded to tell them the whole story.

As his train left early the next morning Bob tidied himself in a hurry that he might have enough time to become acquainted with his sister.

"Can it be true?" he mused. "It seems that I've been waiting to see her all my life."

"And you are Miss Murphy's brother," questioned the matron at the college. "I thought that she was an only child," she continued without giving him a chance to answer. "You said that your name is Brown, I believe."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Bob nervously.

"You're just half brothers and sisters then, I suppose," she queried in a dignified tone of voice.

"No, she's my whole sister, but was adopted and given another name when she was very small," explained Bob.

But the matron could not quite comprehend the situation, and left him to find out what the sister had to say about it before she had time to come down to the reception room. Peggy had already been informed that he wished to see her in the parlor. Thinking that the maid had probably made a mistake, she had

started down to investigate the matter, and see what the young man looked like, anyway.

"Your brother, a Mr. Brown, is in the reception room to see you, Miss Murphy," announced the matron as she met Peggy in the hall.

"Mr. Brown?" asked Peggy with her eyes getting wider every minute.

"Yes, he's a very nice-looking young man," began the matron.

"But, Miss Reynolds, I haven't a brother. Who on earth can it be," she cried excitedly. "I must see who it is!"

"No, you just stay here, and I'll see about that," said the matron with her lips pressed close together as she started back to the parlor.

She politely told Bob Brown that his so-called sister said that she had no brother at all. And only once did the matron have to tell him the rules and regulations concerning such affairs, for he was not accustomed to visiting girls' schools, and was ready to leave after she had talked a few minutes.

Again, he went away disappointed. What was the use after all, he thought. Although he went home with the grim determination of writing Mrs. Murphy a letter, and what he had planned to tell her was enough.

When Mrs. Murphy received the letter from young Bob Brown her husband was very ill. He insisted on Peggy coming home at once. And, as soon as she arrived he called her to his bedside. He first told her how much he loved her, and then related the story of her earlier life. She, of course, was dumbfounded, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, she held the old man's hands when he drew his last breath.

*(Continued on page 46)*



## January

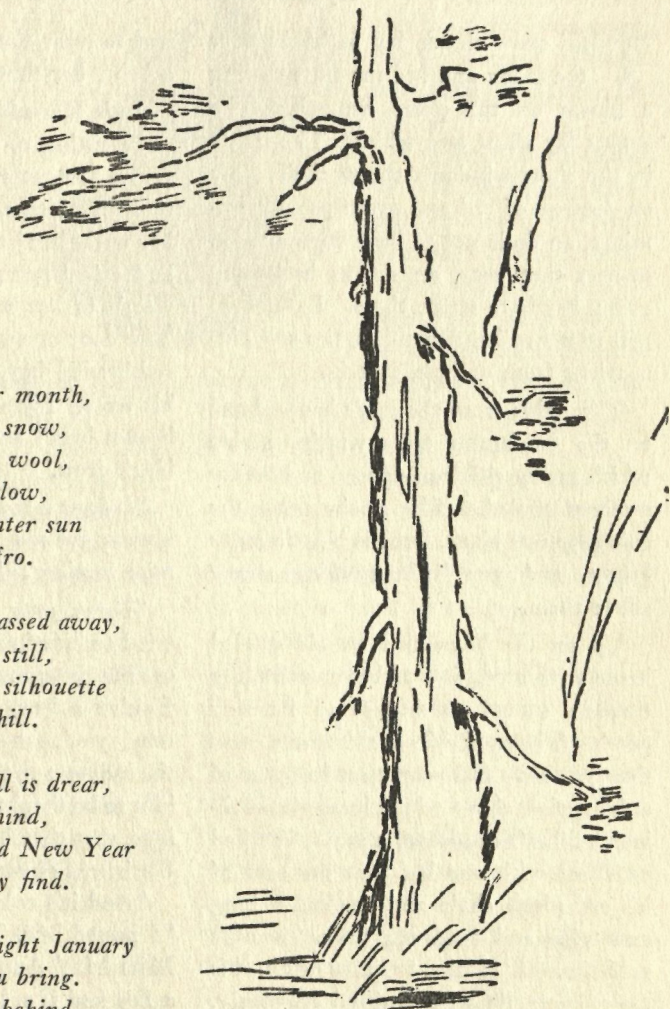
Hail! bright New Year month,  
 When Winter's lacy snow,  
 Like coverlet of softest wool,  
 Rests on the earth below,  
 And sparkles in the winter sun  
 That dances to and fro.

Ah! Autumn long has passed away,  
 And Summer longer still,  
 And bare the chestnuts silhouette  
 Upon the snow clad hill.

Lo! Spring is far and all is drear,  
 And Christmas is behind,  
 But in the dawning glad New Year  
 Some joy we'll surely find.

Then welcome, thee, bright January  
 For fondest hopes you bring.  
 For after you—not far behind  
 Shall follow budding Spring.

—D. McK.





## *"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear"*

By ELIZABETH SINQUEFIELD.

THE snow-clouds lay in banks over the moon and hid the stars casting a gloom on the cheer beneath. The streets lay silent and white. The lights in the show-windows threw their glow on displays of red and green paper trimmings, on dolls not to have curly-headed owners that year, on drums beckoning grimy hands to strike them. Late shoppers snatched handkerchiefs, ties and pin-cushions from drooping clerks.

The lights from the large house shone on the Christmas trees within, beside which merry children danced and weary mothers smiled. The smoke from the chimneys was black, but the hearths were bright, and gay little stockings hung above them.

Up on the hill stood an old gabled house with a sagging picket gate leading through snow-bent bushes to its tiny porch. The smoke from this house came slowly. Two old people sat in front of a dying fire, above which hung no stockings. Silas Templeton, a lanky, bearded man, sat with one leg over the arm of his red plush chair and smoked a long corn pipe and read the paper through gold-rimmed glasses. Mary Ann, his little, energetic wife, knitted nervously, and would not look at him.

Below this house at the end of a grass-grown patch was another house, this one a two-roomed cabin. The chimney had no smoke curling from it nor any fire on its hearth, above which hung three little darned stockings: one for a boy who just couldn't keep from climbing over fences and tearing the knees; one for a girl who

had to wear them too long; and one for a baby, her first and only pair.

Julia Harrold and two of her children were sitting on the straw-pallet with a coarse blanket over them trying to warm their numb toes. The oldest girl cuddled her curly head close to her mother's side and raised her pale face to join childish words to her mother's Christmas carol. The door opened and in it stood a little red-headed boy, trying to grin through his tears. Silently he held out a loaf of brown bread and buried his head in her black dress.

"I want a red engine. I reckon daddy always got me one and Santy never did miss coming till daddy went off."

"Now, now Buddy." The mother tried to hide her tears in the tousled hair of the youngster. "You mustn't cry. You've a heap to be thankful for—why, you've a——." The bravado of the moment broke, for she could not tell him to be thankful for three empty stockings, that they had no fire, and that their Christmas dinner would be brown bread.

"And it's cold here," Buddy cried on. "I passed Mr. Templeton's, and he and Miss Mar' Ann were sitting in front of a fire and it was so warm and I was so cold." The last word was a wail.

The frail mother looked for an inspiration to the cheap picture of Jim. A ruddy face, a mass of curly hair, a grin—these she saw in the picture. Jim was there as he always smiled, when selling eggs to fussy women who insisted on knowing where the eggs came from, who brought them, and which hen laid them.



He was always cheerful when Mr. Templeton kept him late to work on the books. He made Mrs. Templeton forget to fuss about how much company she had and how much work it was to keep a big house. Jim was there smiling.

She choked her sobs and forced a mirthless laugh to her lips.

"Buddy, stop crying," she said so positively that

Buddy obeyed. "Let's smile no matter what comes." That was like Jim.

"But, Moms, can't we even sing Christmas carols 'cause Daddy's gone?" Buddy knew they had always sung before Daddy died. Last year they had gone with Susie in Daddy's arms, for Susie was the baby then, and had gone first to Mr. Sampson's house, and to Mr. Templeton's house, and to Miss Julia's and back home to go to bed early so Santa Claus would come.

Julia had not thought it possible to go this year. The baby was crying all the time to-day. It wouldn't seem natural without Jim, and she didn't feel able to carry the baby far. Maybe she could go a little way. Surely it couldn't be much colder outside than in the room.

She pulled the three stockings from the hearth, and cold feet pushed their way into them. In the window she set a flickering candle.

The little group started up the hill. The baby whimpered and struggled in the coarse blanket. Little Susie held tightly to her hand and clung to her skirts. Buddy dug his red hands into the torn pocket of his blue sweater and walked ahead as Daddy used to do.



Julia tried to soothe the baby, and she shivered in the cold.

Through a rift in the clouds a lone star came out and seemed to stand over the gabled house on the hill.

The little family toiled up the hill and stopped in front of Karl Schmidt's dull red house. There was only a candle light, for Karl wasted no money on such fool-

ishness as kerosene lights. He was busy counting the money he made on his jewelry when a song drifted in:

"Hark the herald angels sing  
Glory to the newborn king."

Julia lifted her voice, though it threatened to break, as they stopped on the street in front of his house.

"Peace on earth——."

The door was opened fiercely, and in it stood a corpulent figure. With brandishing fist he told them to move on. "Can't count money with no company of chorusers singing around me. Have no time to waste on Christmas. If it's money you want, you get none from me," and he slammed the door.

Julia gathered her little ones and started running back toward the cabin. She should not have come. Nobody wanted their songs. That anybody should think they wanted money, but wouldn't that be what they all thought she wanted? She would go back to the miserable cabin.

"Moms, Mr. Templeton wouldn't be mad," Buddy was teasing to go on. "And Mr. Templeton's got a big fire, and Bob Junior and Helen and Mr. Bob ain't here this year like they always are."



Buddy was like Jim in many ways. "And his fire is so bright and he used to give us tea-cakes."

"No, we'll go home," she said, but down the hill the candle had flickered out in the window. The cabin was dark and it was cold. She shivered. Mr. Templeton was ever kind even if he and Mrs. Templeton did scold sometimes. Buddy was tugging at her hand and Susie was crying. She turned back up the hill. The star shone brightly over the gabled house as they plodded through the snow. Through the sagging gate, by the bent bushes they crept to the lighted window. A red glow fell on the room from the dying embers and from an electric lamp on the table. Silas yawned and yawned again. Mary Ann snapped her lips tight and said something about she'd be glad not to have to cook a Christmas dinner for once but just go to a hotel and eat it. Silas yawned again.

Upon the stillness there was a faint stir, and into the window drifted the carol of a woman's wavering soprano, a boy's shrill voice, and a little girl's broken words:

"It came upon a midnight clear  
That glorious song of old."

Silas dropped his paper to his knees and peered at Mary Ann over his glasses.

"From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold."

Silas threw his paper to the floor and stamped to the door. He flung it open and yelled, "Come on in here."

The children clung to Julia's skirt and began to cry at the harsh call. Julia would have them run, but they would not move. Silas was acting like Karl Schmidt.

"Come back here," yelled Silas again and he came toward the gate. Julia had

not thought he would be mad. She threw a protecting arm about her children and waited.

"What are you running for?" demanded Silas in the same harsh tone. "Ain't I always wanted you to come in? Come on in here to the fire."

Julia was ashamed of her fear for Silas was naturally harsh. In the door Mary Ann was standing and she said nothing. Julia felt strange.

"No, no, we couldn't, that is I'm afraid we'll worry Miss Mary Ann." The glow of the embers was ever so bright between the dragon heads, and the wind whistled by.

"And why not?" demanded Silas with a jerk of his short beard. "Mary Ann's had company for thirty years and is used to it."

Buddy was quiet now and ventured to the steps, while Susie followed. Julia shivered in the cold. The baby was still whimpering and pushed a tiny fist into the cold. The embers were bright, the wind was cold. Julia went in.

"Only a minute," she said. To the red embers the children ran. Mary Ann greeted them coldly, but she gave Buddy a little hug as he went by so that no one could see. Julia laid the fretting baby on the blanket in front of the fire and rubbed her own numb fingers.

Silas sat again in the red plush chair and Susie immediately climbed on his knees and began to feel in his pockets for candy he always kept. Buddy saw her there, and he went a little shyly to Mary Ann. She started to hold out her hand, but drew it back as she saw Silas watching her. Her lips tightened but she let Buddy climb into her lap and

*(Continued on page 51)*



# E D I T O R I A L

## *Rich Gift of God, A Year of Time*

The days of our years are given to us one by one to shape our destiny. We are given our time to learn each day a little more of what wiser, better minds have thrashed out before us; and a little more of life and living.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,  
 Every morn is the world made new.  
 Ye, who are weary of sorrow and sinning  
 Here is a beautiful hope for you."

\* \* \* \*

Ask Mr. Kress to show you the gold mine from which he has dug his nuggets of gold and he will put into your hands a gum drop, a safety-pin, and a tin pan, saying: "These made my fortune." Ask to see Mr. Ford's palatial cars from which he amassed his fortune and he will show you rooms filled with simple parts, which assembled make the lowly "flivver."

The lapping of little waves on the beach bring in the mighty tide; the falling of tiny, soft flakes covers the earth with spotless white.

Little robber habits of idleness or carelessness, which have stolen our precious minutes may be turned into wage earners for our profit before this rich year is out.

\* \* \* \*

The future, all of it, lies ahead; a precious gift—free to all, a blessing or a curse at will.

Will you have returned this gift to God at Christmas, 1925, full of service, love and progress; or drooping with shame, and empty-handed?

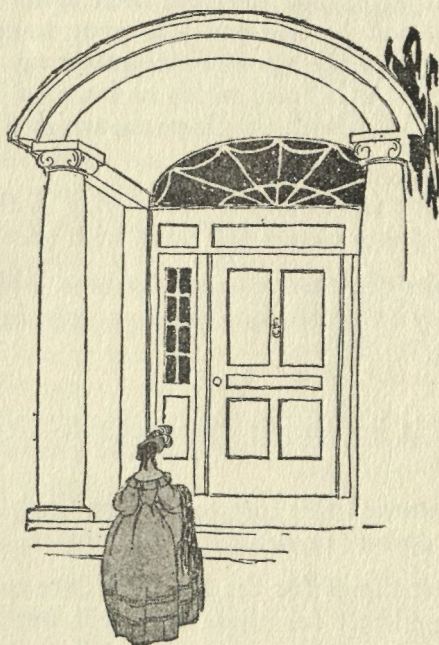
"God has His best things for the few who dare to stand the test;  
 He has His second-best for those who will not have His best."



A merchant considers a year his best when he has added names to his list of customers; the banker counts his best by the number of investments made; the writer has his best year when he sells the most stories; what is your best year?

A year is given once but it is never given back. We can but profit by experiences for there is no re-living. Permanent is the record of a year for:

“We are building in sorrow,  
We are building in joy  
A temple the world cannot see,  
But we know it will stand,  
If we build it aright,  
Through the years of eternity.”





## *A New Year Hope*

*I know not what will befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And o'er each step of my onward path, He makes new scenes to rise;  
And every joy He sends me, comes as a sweet and glad surprise.*

*I see not a step before me as I tread the days of the year;  
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear.  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw near.*

*So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might;  
I would rather walk on in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight.*

—From Grandmother's Scrap Book.



## Exchange Department

By FRANCES CATER.

THE December issue of the *Wofford College Journal* is worthy of both commendation and criticism. The poem, "Neither at Jerusalem Nor on Mt. Jerizim" is a fitting introduction to a Christmas edition. The author expresses a beautiful sentiment, which is sincere worship of God and praise of him in all things, in an unobtrusive manner, "not as the hypocrites do in the synagogue and in the streets that they may have glory of men." It still seems that the Alumni of Wofford should have some representation in the college paper and the lack of an alumni department is to be regretted. The monotony to the eye of page after page of printed matter would also be relieved by a few pen sketches. The editor in his editorial "College Spirit" has caught the proper spirit himself and is to be commended on his handling of the subject and his magazine as a whole, which is far above the average.

THE WESLEYAN wishes to congratulate the Cuthbert High School on their paper, *The Optimist*, which is exceptionally good. The paper is a worthy attempt of high school pupils and the students are to be praised for their journalistic style.

A noteworthy feature of the *Depauw University Magazine* (Greencastle, Indiana,) of October is the book review section. The critics have discussed some of the best books of the time in a true literary criticism style and show a thorough knowledge of their subjects. This phase of literary achievement is a worthy one and THE WESLEYAN desires to add her word of encouragement to all college students to pursue in this direction. The magazine has possibilities and the publishers should not remain satisfied but strive earnestly to make every possible improvement.

After reading *The Tatler*, Randolph-Macon, a critic would say that some lines are greatly overbalanced and others greatly lacking. The poems are extraordinarily good for college students, especially "The Willow" and "The Death of Conrad." The most adverse criticism of the publication is that it is too "college-bound" and has too few editorials. Readers would enjoy a glimpse of the alumnae and their work. The one editorial is excellent but the editors should not be content with only one.

Tech's *Yellow Jackets* for the fall are quite good in their line and the magazine ranks along with and ahead of most of the publications of its kind. The make-up is rather clever and original throughout.

The Exchange Department of THE WESLEYAN acknowledges the receipt of: *The Panorama*, *The Tatler*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *The Scroll*, *The Depauw Magazine*, *The Yellow Jacket*, and *The Optimist*.



## *Alumnae Links*

By KATHERINE CATCHINGS.



**B**ELLS have been ringing quite merrily at Wesleyan for the past weeks. "The rhyming and the chiming" had scarcely died out before Christmas rang itself in with more wedding bells.

Several of Wesleyan's most representative alumnae have married recently. Miss Frances Gurr was married to Alexander Hawley McLanahan, of Philadelphia, January 1, 1925. Miss Gurr is well-known in the South and East as well as at Wesleyan, for her musical ability, beauty, and personality. Three years ago she was elected "Miss Macon" to represent Macon in the annual beauty contest at Atlantic City. Motion picture contracts have been offered, but Miss Gurr has always declined, preferring to devote her time to her musical attainments. She has posed for several prominent artists. She studied music in Europe under the best masters for three years. Miss Gurr received her diploma in piano from the Wesleyan Conservatory.

\* \* \* \*

The marriage of Miss Martha Rolston and Daniel James Henderson, of Ferryday, Louisiana, occurred Monday, December 1, 1924. Mrs. Henderson is vice-president of the Wesleyan National Alumnae Association.

\* \* \* \*

Another marriage of December 1, was that of Miss Ruth Hamilton, of Cordele, and the Rev. James Edwin Barnhill of Columbus.

\* \* \* \*

And so the Wesleyan "belles" chime on!



## Golden School Days

By CARRIE LOU ALLGOOD.

MISS LINDALE, teacher of the one-room country school in the northern part of Griffin county, raised her head from her arithmetic, sniffed her nose three times in rapid succession, cast a sharp glance over the room, and descended on the group of boys huddled around the rusty wood stove.

"Who put rubber on this stove?"

The question fell on a band of abruptly hushed pupils. Gus Binglo, tall, lank, with an unusually sneaking look, innocently scrutinized his companions. He rested his gaze on a poorly clad figure half crowded off the end of the long bench.

"Harry had some rubber 'while ago." He volunteered abruptly, nodding his bushy head toward the small boy.

"M-me?" The shrinking lad clutched the book in his hand. His chin quivered as he repeatedly tried to protest.

"N-n-no'em, I ain't had no rubber."

The girls in the back of the room had forgotten their books. As Harry squirmed under Miss Lindale's piercing gaze, he detected that Maggie, the belle of the school and the only girl Harry had ever admired, was sitting with her chin resting in her hands, listening intently. How he wished that she were not looking!

"Let's see your pockets."

That tone could not be evaded. Slowly and with trembling hands, Harry pulled the wrong side of each pocket out. A string, two nails, a couple of tacks fell to the floor, but there was no rubber.

Something on the bench attracted Miss Lindale's attention. She picked up what

proved to be rubber cubes and turned them over in her hands. The boy stood trembling. Little Harry Beningfield had never before neglected his books long enough to get into mischief and the teacher was puzzled. But putting rubber on the stove deserved the severest punishment, she mustn't neglect her duty because Harry had seemed a studious boy. Miss Lindale had not seen Gus put the rubber in Harry's seat when the boy walked up to her desk.

"So this is where you keep your rubber, is it? Harry, I'm surprised at you. Come up to my desk."

"But—I—er—I—"

"Not a word."

The command was accompanied by a firm tightening of the teacher's lips and a strong grasp on the boy's shoulders. The stammering boy half walked, half slid to the desk. A four-foot stool on which the rudest children were placed at times, sat in the middle of the floor. In the oppressive quietness of the room, Harry climbed on the stool and allowed the white cap bearing the letters D—U—N—C—E to be placed on his head.

Miss Lindale went back to her class. At length Harry peeped out from under the corner of his humiliating head gear to find Gus grinning and crooking his finger at him in a detestable manner. Harry dropped his eyes, then raised his head with a grinding of his teeth. Inwardly all the cowardice and timidity of his nature was replaced by an overwhelming desire to get even.



If the punishment had been something else! But to sit there before the whole school! To sit up before Maggie with a dunce cap on his head!

This was not the first time Gus Binglo who lorded it over the boys, had shown Harry up before the school. And Harry, whose mother had drilled him too thoroughly in "turning the other cheek," had taken his sneers with little protest—only an irritated, "Don't you bother me, Gus." A remark which always caused an uproar of laughter from the boys and giggles from the girls.

Gus never ceased to devise new ways to torture the boy. Since he had guessed that it was Harry who brought flowers to Maggie, Gus had taken care that the girls were near when he teased the small boy.

On each occasion Harry went home resolved to "give it" to Gus if he bothered him again. When he was alone he pictured himself getting ahead of Gus in offering to take Maggie's books, or even rolling the big braggart in the dust before the other fellows. He pictured himself as being pointed out for his bravery, and receiving a smile of approval from Maggie who had always considered him a coward. But once again at school he slipped into the house when the boys started wrestling. Still he frowned and called out, "Aw, stop it" when they started playing with him.

Harry had been most humiliated, however, on the day of "Speeches." His



mother had taken great pride in Harry's speech, and he hoped to see Maggie glow with pride as he finished his piece and came down from the stage amid applause. Even Gus might say "That's a fine old boy." The day of speeches arrived. Gus was first on the program. He sauntered to the stage, tossed back his ruffled hair with a careless air and murmured three lines indistinctly. All the boys laughed mockingly at him. Harry believed his piece was better than that. Maggie came next. With her pink bow tied on her pretty curls, she made a lovely

picture. It was time for Harry then. He pulled at his short-sleeve coat, rubbed his hand over his slick hair. Now he must do his best. He gave the first verse distinctly. He wondered if Maggie were listening closely, but he did not dare look in her direction. He was in the middle of the second verse. Suddenly something in the corner of the room caught his eye. Gus was holding up a jumping-jack and pulling a string to shake the hands of the toy. He looked straight at Harry and giggled. What was Harry saying? He repeated the last sentence—but the word did not come. He repeated the first of the second verse, but still no words came. With a hopeless glance at Miss Lindale he hung his head and made his way down from the stage, not amid applause, but amid lashings of humiliation and shame. He slipped out behind the house and

*(Continued on page 49)*



## Catch-All

### TO THE POSTMAN!

(With apologies to the "Prize Winner")

'Tis Christmas, ah 'tis Christmas  
And all the world is gay—  
But I—I am dissolved in tears  
For you—you do delay.

Next door they ope their boxes  
And letters by the score—  
But I—I wait forever  
Beside the cold front door.

The children tear the wrappings off  
Of presents—piled so high—  
But I—I stand here all alone  
For you have passed me by.

—Q. E. D.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Bassett: "Does my question  
embarrass you?" of a dazed young student.

Stude: "Not at all, sir. The question is perfectly clear; it's the answer that's puzzling me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Queen: "Knave, who is that playing  
the Anvil Chorus out in the courtyard?"

Jester: "Nay, my queen, 'tis the  
guests taking off their overcoats."

—Stevens Tech. Stone Mill.

M. M.: "Get my mail at the post-office."

"Shorty". "What's the number of your box?"

M. M.: "Look on it and see."

\* \* \* \* \*

He: "Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

She: "Because if they ran they would kick up too much dust."

—Emory Treador.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sally": "I want my hair cut like a college boy's."

Barber: "I see; you want Yale locks."

—Medley.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oscar, who were the Four Horsemen?"

"Bill Sheridan, Buffalo Bill, Will Rogers and Barney Google."

—Missouri Showme.

\* \* \* \* \*

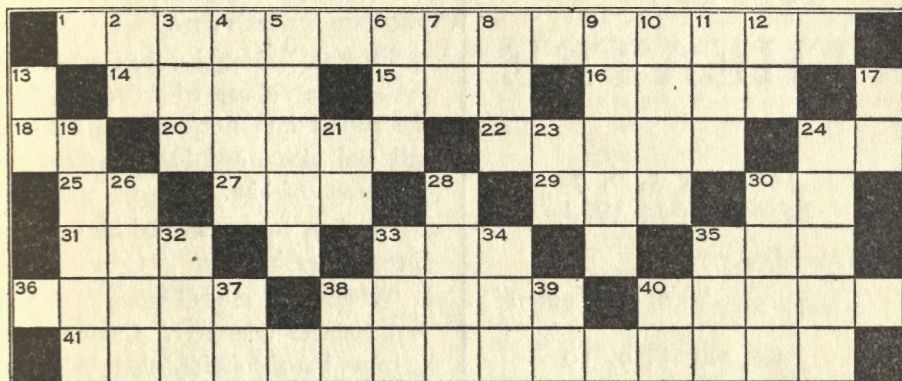
Irate mother (at dinner): "Johnny, I wish you'd stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

Johnny: "Sure, mom, but my arm's longer."

—S. California Wampus.



# The Wesleyan Cross-Word Puzzle



## ACROSS.

- 1—Center of Georgia Peach Industry.
- 14—The steeds of Santa Claus.
- 15—Phonetic spelling of what you write home for.
- 16—Queen of Palestina.
- 18—A very rare college degree.
- 20—What a freshman does her first night off at school.
- 22—Poetic name for a leaf.
- 24—Conjunction (Ancient Italian).
- 25—The first and last letters of the place we go last.
- 27—Small college organizations (abbr.)
- 29—The reverse of the affirmative vote.
- 30—Musical degree.
- 31—Specie of small lap dog.
- 33—Article (Fr.)
- 35—A dumb-bell.
- 36—A sociological term for an undeveloped intellect.
- 38—"I —s You."
- 40—Very prominent on Stunt Night.
- 41—"Delicious and Refreshing."

## DOWN.

- 2—First name of a Wesleyan musical professor.
- 3—What one learns to do in Domestic Art 3.
- 4—Possessive of a famous Southern General.

- 5—"Chin up, chest out."
- 6—The section of The Wesleyan where our friends are found.
- 7—What your lips say when your eyes say "yes."
- 8—Canadian Expeditionary Forces (abbr.)
- 9—A comic moving picture actor.
- 10—The King of Palestina's Royal Consort.
- 11—The last part of a perfect day.
- 12—What Athens is famous for (abbr.)
- 13—After midnight and before lunch.
- 17—A cockney's hat.
- 19—A member of the Benevolent Protective Order (with article).
- 21—River in Italy.
- 23—In regard to.
- 24—Vacant.
- 26—Another name for Georgia Building. (abbr.)
- 28—One of the tribes of Israel.
- 30—Used to catch suckers (both kinds).
- 32—"The Song of the Cow."
- 33—Star in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." (First name).
- 34—The first three letters of a lucky number.
- 35—Used in a snow sport.
- 37—14th and 18th letters of the alphabet.
- 38—Girl's name.
- 39—A point of the compass.
- 40—Used before "Leviathan."

—Acknowledgments to

"An Emory Student."



# RIALTO THEATRE

JANUARY 5, 6, 7  
Mon., Tues., Wed.  
MAY MCAVOY IN  
*"Three Women"*

JANUARY 8, 9, 10  
HAROLD LLOYD IN  
*"Hot Water"*

JANUARY 12, 13, 14  
D. W. GRIFFITH PROD.  
*"Isn't Life Wonderful?"*

JANUARY 15, 16, 17  
REGINALD DENNY IN  
*"Fast Worker"*

JANUARY 19, 20, 21  
ELINOR GLYN'S STORY  
*"His Hour"*

JANUARY 22, 23, 24  
POLA NEGRI IN  
*"East of Suez"*

JANUARY 26, 27, 28  
BUSTER KEATON IN  
*"The Navigator"*

JANUARY 29, 30, 31  
CECIL B. DEMILLE PROD.  
*"The Golden Bed"*

## HIGH FINANCE

(Continued from page 6)

ed like Bob's sister. She decided to go manicure her nails now.

She was looking her best when, followed by a red-cap with her shiny bag, she rushed into Bob's arms. Bob was tall and blond and handsome and she was proud of him.

His deep voice mumbled his greetings through her hair.

"Mums, I'm so glad to see you. You look younger than ever. Cicely wanted to come, but she decided that you'd want to spend the afternoon with just me. But she is coming to dinner with us to-night. Mums, you'll love her."

Mums' lips tightened and she didn't think she would.

But she did.

That evening when Bob brought Cicely to his mother's room, Mrs. Robertson looked down on a shyly smiling girl, very straight and very slender, with a firm cordial handshake and a demure air of adoration toward Bob.

"I didn't want to butt in, Mums," she declared in soft Southern accents, "but Bob is so proud of his mother and wanted to show her off so much that I couldn't deny him. Isn't he a dear?"

After one swift stab of jealousy at Bob's look of possessive pride, Mrs. Robertson felt a rush of relief; for Cicely was not pretty—only sweet. Her orange evening cloak set off a nut-brown complexion whose sameness of color was broken by a wide scarlet mouth and shining eyes; while brown bobbed hair waved about a face with irregular but piquant features. No, Cicely was not pretty, but her smile was fascinating with scintillating charm.



And Cicely appreciated Bob. So Mrs. Robertson took her to her heart, literally and figuratively. Then, holding her at arm's length, Mrs. Robertson exclaimed,

"And what part of South Carolina are you from?"

Cicely laughed.

"Mother is a New Yorker, but Dad's a Charlestonian. I lived there until a year ago when I moved here. You're a Charlestonian, too."

Cicely had come into the flock.

Dinner was a gay intimate affair with laughter in the candle light.

Very late good-byes were said with plans of lunch at Cicely's day after tomorrow and a trousseau shopping next day.

It was the shopping that convinced Mrs. Robertson that Cicely not only belonged to the flock but was a kindred spirit. Their tastes and their ideas of essentials were entirely the same, she wrote John in a letter demanding commendation for outwitting the clever thief.

On the lunch day Cicely met them at the door of her diminutive apartment, her eyes shining and happiness singing in her voice. "Mother came in unexpectedly from Grandmother's to-day. I did so want you to know her. Isn't it wonderful?"

She had ushered them into the living room and was taking their hats, when a cold severe voice interrupted,

"Cicely, is that the mother of the man to whom you're engaged?"

Mrs. Robertson turned and met the eyes of her late traveling companion.

"Yes, Mother. Mrs. Robertson, my Mother, Mrs. —"

Both women spoke in one sentence as in one voice.

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Mrs. Robertson declared, "Bob, this woman is a thief."

Mrs. James stated, "This woman is a thief, Cicely."

There were two cries: "Mums!" from Bob, and "Mother!" from Cicely.

"I told you, Cicely," Mrs. James told her daughter, "About the woman who took that hundred dollar bill which Charles gave me to buy something just for myself."

"There, now, Bob," Mrs. Robertson grieved to her son. "She not only takes my money, but accuses me of taking hers and pretends that her husband is as good to her as John is to me."

Being a mere man, Bob tried to bring reason into the stormy session. "It's only some stupid mistake somewhere. Of course neither of you would steal anything. Let's have lunch and then——"

Three angry women turned on him.

"Bob, it may be only a mistake, but under my own roof your own mother has called mine a thief and I'll have to ask her to apologize."

Cicely's voice was full of tears.

"Eat, indeed," her mother declared. "Do you think I'd eat with a thief who calls me one?"

"Eat these women's food!" Mrs. Robertson fumed. "No, indeed. Nor will I apologize. I am like Lord Chesterfield. I neither give nor take apologies. Come, Bob."

Bob's allegiance was divided.

"Mums. Cicely," he pleaded.

"Bob, are you coming or——," Mums demanded.

"There is no place for you here, Bob," was Cicely's reply.

Bob fled.

Four days followed in which three women wept and one man stormed. Vir-

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# The Macon Daily Telegraph

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## Wesleyan's Newspaper

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tue in a woman is to be commended, but a feeling of virtue is to be exceeded only by a feeling of martyrdom in condemnation. And outside of working hours Bob had both feelings to contend with in three women. And, being a man, he flew shuttle like from his mother to his fiancée and her mother,—and stormed.

The fifth morning Mrs. Robertson lay sulking in bed. She heard Bob fumbling about in the bathroom. Suddenly, a whistled bar from the Spring Song startled her into an upright position. Then the music ceased, even more suddenly than it had begun. So that was the way he felt about his own mother being called a thief. She would show him. Her head was buried in the pillow and she was weeping martyredly when Bob came to bid her good-bye. She heard him tiptoe away after knocking twice and trying the door knob.

A little before noon Mrs. Robertson rose, red-eyed, and dressed herself for lunch with her son. Lunch time came and went, but not Bob. Finally, in desperation she called the office. Mr. Robertson had not been in all day. Mrs. Robertson was really frightened. She went to Bob's room. Everything was quite as usual there. The maid had made his bed, his shirt lay in the seat of a chair, his trousers were laid on the back of the chair to keep the crease. She had taught him that herself.

On the chiffonier she noted a letter stamped with two-cent stamps and marked special. Mrs. Robertson again yielded to the impulse she had felt on the train.

The letter began:

"Dearest Bob,—

"As you say, I know Mums isn't a thief. Just as you know Mother isn't. Mums and I got well enough acquainted

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for me to know that. It's some dreadful mistake. I don't know what we can do about it, but I am very unhappy and I can see that you are. I am taking the usual bus to work this morning. If you think we can get anywhere by talking it over.

"Always,

"Cicely."

It was that woman's daughter. That was why Bob had whistled that morning. She had forbidden Bob to have anything to do with her. She went out, still holding the letter in her hand. She met the maid in the hall coming to announce a caller. She went down immediately. It was Cicely's mother and she was waiting in the reception room.

"Can you tell me where Cicely is?" she demanded.

"No," answered Mrs. Robertson dully. "Only this," and extended the note.

Mrs. James only glanced at it and burst out,

"Plotting against her own mother with the son of a thief," and sat down weeping.

Again the maid came, this time bearing a telegram.

"If you'll excuse me," Mrs. Robertson said coldly, "I'll read this while you gain your self control. Perhaps then we can discuss something sensibly."

The telegram read:

"Get detective. Find woman you took money from. Yours left at home.

"John."

Supreme silence reigned a few moments, except for the sobbing of Mrs. James.

"Her bill," Mrs. Robertson muttered then.

Determinedly she turned to the other woman.

"Mrs. James, I am an opinionated fool, but I am a repentant one and I hope that you'll forgive me. I left my own bill at home. And our poor children. Can't you forgive m-me?"

Mrs. Robertson had joined the weeping.

Neither woman knew exactly how long it was before they heard Cicely's unsteady voice in the hall, inquiring,

"Is my Mother here?"

They were crying in each other's arms then, woman-like. Mrs. Robertson wiped her eyes as Bob and Cicely entered the door and handed them John's telegram. Together they read it. Relievedly, Bob laughed and turned to the two moist-eyed mothers.

"We were rather dreading this, but we were unhappy and took things into our own hands and got married. We couldn't see any way to straighten things out. It looks to me as though nothing has been hurt, except a lot of feelings and you all have had a repentance party over that."

Both mothers cried, "In spite of my positive commands."

And there ensued another period of weeping and kissing and hugging.

Then Mrs. Robertson rose to the occasion.

"You children deserve a honeymoon. I want to give you my hundred dollar bill to help have it on. I couldn't ever use it. Now, Mrs. James, your bill is upstairs. If you'll come up, I'll give it to you."

"And I'll give it to the children," Mrs. James asserted as they went out.

"Aren't they precious and funny and small town-y?" Cicely asked, streaking Bob's blue clad shoulder with tears and powder. "Aren't they dear?"



## UNCLE GEORGE PHILOSOPHIZES

*(Continued from page 11)*

making any effort to escape, because there is never at any one time a sufficient increase in the heat to make him jump out. That's just the way folks are. Most of us stay in hot water all the time, and it takes something like New Year's Day to make us hop out and start all over in a cold kettle. If we didn't make new resolutions once in a while we would keep right on boiling."

His nephew had perked up at the mention of frogs, his favorite pets. "There would be a sorter big splash in the kettle if everybody hopped out at once."

"It's a pity we don't make a bigger splash together than we do, son, since we all have to live together. Life is a funny sort of a race anyway with everybody in the world taking part. And the boniest old pack-horse has an equal chance with the finest thoroughbred because it's not speed and looks so much—it's sticking to it that counts. And stopping to help the other fellow along doesn't make you lose time either. Pick up your good old resolutions and make a good start and you'll be winning out before you know it."

Right then the big hall clock begins to strike twelve.

"Happy New Year," grins Uncle George.

And slowly, reluctantly, the family grins back at him.

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## EMPTINESS

*(Continued from page 10)*

ing to cook and to keep house. Polly had really enjoyed it.

One day while spending the afternoon with a friend, she had heard two ladies talking. She recognized them as two of her mother's friends who had called after the ruin and who had cried a great deal and had been "oh, so sorry."

One of them was saying:

"Yes, she is the child. Isn't it too bad? Her mother is making the most of her chance and is working Polly terribly! The poor child had to help with the cooking and cleaning and no end of things!"

Then the other one replied: "Well Mrs. Redmond is her step-mother, is she not?"

"Oh, yes, of course, nobody else would have the heart."

Polly felt weak and wanted to cry. That same word "step-mother." Why did they all use it that way? Was it so bad then? Walking home with a heavy heart she thought of Tommy, and of the words she had just heard. What were they talking about? If they meant the cooking and house-keeping, they were all wrong. She enjoyed it.

That night Polly stayed in her room during supper. She was crying when her mother came in. Now Polly disliked for people to interrupt her when she was having a good cry, and she was also ashamed to be caught at it. At that time she was torn between the implied meaning of "step-mother" and loyalty to her own mother. When Mrs. Redmond came in she placed her hand on Polly's head and asked what was the matter. Instantly Polly jumped away from her



and fell on the bed, crying through her sobs.

"Please go away, you are only a step-mother."

Mrs. Redmond's very kindness had worked against her when Polly's mind was in this over-wrought state, and what Polly had said opened a chasm between them.

From that time on the spirit of harmony in the family was strained. Mrs. Redmond knew she had been good to Polly. She had worked for her, and had done her best to be a real mother. She had wholly undeserved Polly's unkind words.

To Polly it seemed that her step-mother was hard and did not try to understand. Why couldn't she see that the words just came out of their own accord and that she didn't really mean to say it like that.

There had come the event of Polly's sixteenth birthday. She wanted a wrist watch and had asked her father for one. When she opened the box from him it was not a watch. Tears had come into her eyes, and he had seen them.

"Please don't cry, my dear. I couldn't buy you a watch this time. Mother had to have a coat and I couldn't afford a watch now."

Polly had smiled but it did not show her real feeling, she was angry! There now! Even daddy, all the girls had watches and she couldn't have one, but mother must have a new coat. Why wouldn't her "year-before-last's" do?

She ran into her room. There on the bed was a present signed, "Love, mother." In anger she tore up the card and exclaimed: "Why doesn't she sign her name step-mother! That's what she is."

Unperceived, Mrs. Redmond turned and left Polly's door, and going into her own she closed the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then had come the time to go off to school. Polly was quite excited! The night before she left her mother came into her room with a jewelry box, and showing the contents to Polly, she said, "Which piece do you like best?"

After Polly had taken her choice Mrs. Redmond said, "Have you ever seen my mother's ring? I keep it in this separate box because I love it more than all the others."

College proved a bigger thing than she had expected. Everything was different; she began to see herself in a different light. People, home, everything was taking on a new aspect. Sometimes when she thought of things she had done and said she was thoroughly ashamed.

Then besides the serious life at college there was the social side, and that took clothes. She was continually having to write home for money. Her roommates wore such lovely clothes and spent so much money! Of course daddy couldn't afford much, but wasn't she the only child? She did not go to college but once in her life, so she was going to make the most of it. Then, too, so many organizations took up money and if you did not give to all of them and do all the things everybody else did you just weren't anybody.

Christmas when she went home her father had looked rather sober when she told him how many organizations she just had to belong to, and how much money she needed. Then, too, she needed another evening dress. Her father said no, but Mrs. Redmond said she thought they could see about it. And it



had come just last week. A beautiful French model from "Walloce's." All the girls had been in to see it and she had learned that only three others in school had anything from "Walloce's," and she had been doubly proud.

She had been admiring the dress when her telegram came, saying: "Come home at once. Mother ill. Daddy." Hastily she had thrown some clothes into a bag and caught a train in less than thirty minutes. Now here she was riding on and on toward home, and her mother who was very ill.

"Be calm, my dear," said the doctor as he led her down the corridor. "Your mother can not live over a few hours and she wants to talk to you. Try not to cry."

Polly started, she had not expected the change. It was only a spectre of her mother who beckoned her to come there. She sat down by the bed and bent over to catch the faint words.

"Polly, I am going to die." There was an unnatural strength in the voice for one so ill. "Take care of daddy."

The nurse laid a hand on Polly's arm and led her away. The next few days

passed in a daze. It did not seem possible for this to be home and no mother. All the misunderstanding had faded away, and only the love, the work, the sacrifice remained. Those months at college Polly had learned many things. Now regret came over her in deadening waves. Sometimes the regret was sharp and cut; sometimes it was engulfing and overwhelming, smothering her. Always she remembered her mother as a precious friend.

The day before she returned to school the lawyer called her into the living room. He gave her the jewelry box which her mother had willed her. Opening it she found it just as it was the day her mother had shown it to her, except there was a piece of paper tied to the box which held the ring inherited from her grandmother. Polly opened it and read: "My dear child, I have tried to be a mother to you, and have failed. I am going now to your own mother in Heaven. I shall tell her what a lovely daughter she had. This little ring is sold. I bought your evening dress with it. Good-bye, Your Step-mother."

Polly stood still holding the little empty box.

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# THE ENCHANTED MOON-BEAM

(Continued from page 13)

pink marble. Long graceful fern leaves in vases of alabaster drooped down to the floors which were as bright as mirrors. Soft summer breezes, fraught with the sweet perfume of jasmine blossoms, came in through the open windows. Four graceful princesses appeared in the arched doorway, who made graceful bows on seeing Cecy. The little country girl smiled when she saw the four little princesses and exclaimed:

"Let us go and gather pine-nuts in the forest, I am tired of staying in this castle!"

"Go, go to the forest?" exclaimed a frightened little princess, "oh no, never! I am scared!"

"Ha, ha," laughed Cecy, "I have been there myself a thousand times."

"My mother has told me, girls should stay in the house and learn to dance and embroider," said a demure little damsel.

Cecy wanted to answer, but on regarding her companions more closely she could not help but admire them; they were so delicate and graceful. Cecy wished she could be like them and I, who was always at her orders, changed the little peasant girl into a beautiful princess.

In spite of all I did to please Cecy, she was not happy. She danced and

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played with the four little princesses, but when nobody saw her she would look out of the window with tears in her dark eyes. There were so many parties and dinners in her honor, that for a long time Cecy did not know herself what made her sad. But one day when she was by herself she said:

"I want to see my own dear Juca again."

"Why didn't she tell me that before," thought I to myself and in a minute I made the little peasant boy stand before her.

"Juca, Juca, I am so glad to see you!" exclaimed Cecy and, quite forgetting her dignity as a princess, she ran towards him. At that moment the four little princesses entered and looked at each other in shocked silence. On seeing them Cecy stopped and could not help but wish that her Juca was a prince. I of course immediately satisfied Cecy's desire and the next moment in the place of the awkward country boy stood a gallant knight who, hat in hand, bowed down low before her.

That night a great banquet was served. The table was set with transparent porcelain and shining crystal glasses. Oranges, tangerines, mangos and bananas were heaped into graceful silver baskets. In the middle of the table stood a cake full of all the nuts,

almonds and raisins you would wish to eat. There was a large turkey stuffed with "farofa," pies made out of shrimps and "palmitoes," and many other things to eat, all as good as good could be.

After dinner Juca walked up to Cecy and said: "Would my lady like to take a stroll in the garden?"

Cecy gracefully picked up her train and, slipping her hand in his arm, walked out with him into the moonlit garden. Stately royal palms proudly bore their crown of shiny leaves which glittered like silver in the moonlight. Flamboyant trees shed their scarlet blossoms on the soft, dark green grass. The feathery leaflets of the bamboo trees fluttered in the evening breeze. Here in the open air Cecy thought again of her old home. It was true that her father's cottage was but poor compared to this beautiful palace, but were there not meadows around it dotted with blossoms, and a wood near by where she could play freely without being concerned about her demeanor?

"Juca," she finally said, "let us go away from this place and go home where we last played in the meadows."

"My lady has an inclination for natural beauty, I see," remarked Juca politely.

"Juca, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed Cecy with tears in her eyes.

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She had forgotten that she had wished him to be a polite prince.

"What can I do to serve you, my lady? I am a knight at your command!"

"Take me, take me in," she said falteringly.

That night she wept bitterly and wished she had never come to the beautiful castle. When she finally went to sleep she dreamed that Juca and she were playing in the woods around her home. She was happy in her dream and when she woke up she said to me:

"Tinkle, tinkle, silver coin,  
Grant this wish to me,  
In my dear old cottage home  
My Juca bring to me."

I had to grant her wish although I could not understand why she would want to leave her beautiful palace for the poor cottage of her father.

Cecy had hardly come home when the door opened and Juca came in, her same old dear Juca, with a bunch of yellow orchids, fresh from the woods. To my astonishment Cecy was really happy for the first time. Her black eyes beamed as she received Juca's flowers and arranged them in a vase of earthen-ware. Then they ran out into the green meadows, where the cassia trees shed golden blossoms around them. I assure you there never was a happier pair.

I'll twinkle, I'll twinkle  
In the sky to-night,  
A tiny little moonbeam,  
So fair, and oh, so bright,  
I made her very happy  
So that now you see  
I myself am happy,  
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"LITTLE SISTER"

*(Continued from page 20)*

Mrs. Murphy immediately made preparations for them to go West for their health. Peggy didn't particularly want to leave school, but it was all so sudden that she went on to please her mother.

After five months of recuperation Peggy insisted on coming home. She had been invited to go on a camp with a bunch of college boys and girls. She had never been on a camping trip in her life, and could hardly wait for the time to come.

She was a little later getting to the camping station than the others. So, when she was being introduced to all the bunch she didn't catch half the names. If she had she would probably have understood a little better when a handsome young man suddenly cried, "Peggy, my little sister!" as he put his arms around her and kissed her.

Explanations were soon made, and they talked and talked until they were so happy that they couldn't talk.

"And you're my own brother, Bob," said Peggy exultingly, as he finished telling all about "Uncle Henry."

"Yes, and you're my real little sister," he added.

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## WHAT IS MAN?

(Continued from page 16)

fatigable in investigation, but in general they are less reliable than mathematicians in their conclusions.

The Bible and science are in accord as to the primitive condition of the material universe. Both the Bible and science indicate an orderly progress from the early state to the later.

Whatever may be held to have been the method in this progress, there are those whose opinions are worthy of consideration, who hold that there are, at least, four stages that call for a separate creative act.

(1) The creation of primordial inorganic matter.

(2) The introduction of life into the realm of hitherto inorganic matter. "I need hardly say, that science in her present state does not countenance the belief that living creatures are now ever produced from inorganic matter." (Darwin).

Let us suppose that this means two stages, whether simultaneous, or which preceded the other, need not be considered here. (2a) In creating the vegetable type, the giving of that kind

of life, recognized as characteristic of the vegetable kingdom.

(3) In creating the animal type, the giving of life peculiar to animals. These differ essentially, for example "the one deoxidizes and accumulates, the other oxidizes and expends." (Dawson.)

(4) In creating a new type in Adam, the giving of a kind of life, having differences from the other two kinds mentioned. This life gave a capacity for increase in knowledge, a capacity for self-education, and a sense of dominion over nature, the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and even the ability to subdue and harness the forces of nature. Above all a capacity to grasp the infinities and to recognize and worship the Creator.

What then is man? That is the matter of transcendent importance. The Bible states: "God said: Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. . . . So God created man in his own

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image." In breathing into Adam, whatever he was before, "the breath of life" he made a new type in him. Now this, at least, was a creative act, as I think may appear from the following quotations:

II Cor. 5, 17. "When a man is in Christ, there is a new creation." (Moffatt's translation.)

Col. 3, 10. "The new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of the Creator."

Eph. 4, 24. "The new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

Millions of unimpeachable witnesses, whose testimony would be believed by all save materialists, could testify, yea have testified, to this *new creation*. Few need be mentioned. Paul, the narrow pharisee, his heart filled with hate, changed on the road to Damascus into the panegyrist of love, embracing in his love all men, Jew and Gentile, and sacrificing himself for all; John Bunyan, the rollicking gamin of the street, a great sinner, so he says, changed into the writer of the most spiritual book ever written,

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next to the Bible; John Newton, changed from the profane slave-dealer into the writer of the most spiritual hymns in the hymn-book; St. Augustine, changed from a profligate prodigal, sunk, as he states in his confessions, in abysmal depths of wickedness, into the foremost of the Latin fathers; and such modern cases as Jeremy McCauley, changed from the river thief into the founder of Water Street Mission, where he led hundreds, such as he had been, to Christ.

Who can explain such changes by any evolutionary process? Evolution is a slow process. Some biologists demand a billion years to bring about the present condition of things. The new creation, as in cases cited, is more or less instantaneous. If so in the new creation, why not in the old, to which the new is parallel?



## GOLDEN SCHOOL DAYS

(Continued from page 31)

waited until the others had gone before he started home. Gus had caused him to fail when he wanted to do his best. Gus had made Maggie laugh at him. How he wished he could lick the bully. The same feeling, intensified by repeated insults overcame him now as he sat squirming in sight of all the school.

Recess came at last. Harry left the stool and cap. Yet thinking only of his unjust punishment, he marched out into the yard at the back of the line of boys.

"Let's play Pretty Girl's Land," Gus yelled with the tapping of the bell to break line.

Harry never played Pretty Girl's Land because in the game the boys ran after the girls. If they caught them, they were allowed to steal a kiss. Sometimes the game went beyond fun. One girl who was hard to catch would be chased by all the school. Another girl would hold her for the boys to kiss her. There might be a scuffle. There often was torn hair and bruised hands. But at last the girl was kissed much to the disgust of a ruddy girl at the age of twelve. Harry always stood propped against the corner of the house or behind a tree looking longingly on.

"Let's make Harry play," a little freckled-faced urchin called to the others.

"Naw, who wants a scare cat playing with us?" It was Gus who spoke.

Harry turned on his heel.

"I ain't no 'fraid cat, Gus Binglo."

"You ain't nothing else."

But the game was already started. Maggie stood in the front line of the girls with her defiant little chin high in the air ready to run the minute the signal was made. If she could get to the

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other line before anyone caught her, she would be safe. Like a dart she started around the line of running boys. But Gus, seeing her plan had been quick to follow her. Across the road they sped. Maggie circled back, made a loop around the trees to the right of the playground, and started behind the house. She was running as fast as her small legs would carry her. She had never been caught. She had always prided herself in out-running and in outwitting the boys. Gus Bingo must not catch her now. Around and around she sped, Gus was gaining on her at every step.

"Go to it Gus. Gus, you know you can catch any girl!"

The onlookers were urging him on. Everyone had stopped to watch the biggest bully in school chase the biggest tomboy.

Harry, sauntering on the rickety steps, looked up from the chunk of bread he was mincing. He never liked to see Gus chase Maggie. He sprang to an upright position, flung down his bread, and clutched his fists. Maggie had just sped by him. Gus was almost touching her now. Harry sprang at the pursuing boy. Like a flash Gus was in the sand. Harry, forgetting his fear, had pinned him under, and was burying his tightened fists in the big boy's side. Harry's face was flushed, his head was stiffened. Every nerve in his body was aquiver. Every muscle was at a tension. Gus raised himself to an upright position only to be pushed down by the boy he had teased.

Games had stopped. Every one had grouped around the scene.

"It's Harry."

They murmured astonished. For no

one ever dared fight with Gus. Well they had learned his superiority in affairs after school. And no one had ever heard of Harry fighting anyone. A long quiet moment was followed by cries.

"Go to it, big boy. He's just a baby."

Others cried, "Beat him up, Harry."

Gus' face was flushed. He was panting vigorously. He was struggling with all his might. He never knew this little brat had so much nerve and muscle. He had been mighty quiet with it before. But a little boy mustn't get the best of him. Over and over the two boys rolled in the sand, but to every one's surprise, Harry often stopped on top.

So intent were all the pupils watching the two boys that they did not see Miss Lindale. She had hastened out of the house, and was rapidly making her way through the group of eager onlookers.

"You boys get up, and go into the house."

A hush fell over the children. Slowly they began to scatter. Gus and Harry became disentangled. Maggie, in the back of the group, looked anxiously on. Shaking the dust from their clothes, and pulling down their short coats the two boys slowly arose. Gus, with a cowed look, hung his head and stalked into the house without glancing at any one. Harry raised his shoulders, walked through the crowd, and up the steps. He had surprised himself and every one at school by fighting the one boy that every one feared. Older boys made room for him to pass. One slapped him on the shoulder, another called, "Good for you, Harry." Maggie wore a look of deep concern as Harry faced the teacher.



After recess Harry still sat on the stool before the school. He must sit there all day now. For he had started a fight. Yet he held his head erect. Triumph glowed in his ruddy cheeks. At a glance across the room, he saw Gus intently gazing down at his book. Maggie, in another corner of the house, looked shyly out from behind her geography. Their eyes met. Maggie smiled timidly, but warmly up at Harry.

Harry had succeeded. He had humiliated Gus, and had won a smile from Maggie.

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## "IT CAME UPON A MID-NIGHT CLEAR"

*(Continued from page 24)*

cuddle against her. Unconsciously she stroked his tousled head.

"I bet you're going to have turkey and sauce and pudding to-morrow," he said wistfully. Silas turned to her with pleading eyes. She tightened her lips in a straight line.

"I don't know," she said with such sharpness that Buddy drew away from her. "We're going to the hotel to eat."

"Not eat at home?" Julia only wished for a chance to cook a Christmas dinner once more.

"No, I'm not," repeated Mary Ann. "I've had company for Christmas dinner and cooked and worked myself to death with nobody to help me and I'm not going to do it this year. We're going to the hotel for dinner, like I've wanted to ever since we married and ain't been yet. Bob's wife insists on staying with her folks this year, and I'm glad," but her voice broke in spite of her words.

"Cept me," broke in Silas, "and I don't want to go to no hotel where a parcel of strangers watch you all the time. Never could enjoy having stuck-up waiters watch me eat. If I've got to have folks around, I want folks I know. Besides I ain't going to dress up on Christmas day."

Mary Ann's chin went up. "Well I ain't going to cook. I'm going to wear my only black silk." She suddenly remembered Julia and turned to her. "It'll be all right, won't it? You don't reckon the women will dress up very much, do you?"

Julia was embarrassed. She never could say just the right thing as Jim could. She sought an escape in the



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baby's cry. The baby had begun screaming as if she was to have a convulsion.

Mary Ann came and bent over the blanket. "That baby's sick," she said. With a mother's love in her eyes she forgot she was glad the children were not here, and she lifted the blanket. Julia tried to say she would go but Mary Ann bade her follow her up the steps.

In a few minutes Mary Ann came down and went in the room with Silas.

"Not anything the matter with that baby," she told him, "except she's hungry. She went right off to sleep when I gave her a bottle of milk. The whole family was hungry."

"Reckon they won't have much Christmas dinner," Silas commented.

"Well, I'm not going to stay here and cook them none," Mary Ann informed him. "But Silas it wouldn't hurt none to fix a tree tonight. I just happened to buy some little things the other day—thought maybe I'd give them to somebody or other," she defended.

"Well, I reckon so," drawled Silas. "I'll just run up town and get a few toys. A engine for that little rascal and a doll for that little girl."

They were tired when they had finished, but they were smiling as they had not smiled in two weeks.

"Silas," Mary Ann said doubtfully, "Do you reckon my black silk won't look bad at a hotel?"

"Uh-huh," Silas grunted suddenly sullen.

Christmas morning Mary Ann was up at five. She crept downstairs but Silas heard her go. She built a fire in the stove and put on an iron. She made coffee and sliced bacon. Silas came in and wondered, for Mary Ann had said



she would not have a fire in the stove the whole day.

"I can't send my guests off without breakfast," she explained. "And anyway, I've got to press my silk."

Julia had risen to go. She would not intrude longer. She came slowly down the steps. Susie was clinging to her skirts and whimpering. Buddy was trying very hard not to cry.

"We're going. We—we've enjoyed it all—the baby—the milk—the supper." She could not say it all and her lip trembled. The fire in the stove crackled and the snow was thick outside.

Mary Ann could not speak and she set the iron down to wipe away the tears so nobody would see them.

"You've got to have breakfast before you go," she said. "And besides, the Christmas tree is waiting for the children." She turned back to the ironing-board. She snatched the iron but it was too late. It left a large brown spot in the middle of the front of the black silk dress.

Everyone gathered around to try to help. Silas brought a box of soda. Julia hurried for a glass of water. Mary Ann stood perfectly still with her arms on her hips, but she was not frowning.

"I'm sorry, Mary Ann," Silas drawled, but the corners of his mouth turned up, though he was careful not to let Mary Ann see. "I'll buy you a new one—with lace on it, too."

Mary Ann threw the dress on a chair and went to look at the biscuit. She turned suddenly and faced the group.

"Well, one thing's settled—I can't go to no hotel for dinner." She bent over the oven. "Reckon I might as well get busy fixing dinner."

Julia tried again to say good-bye, but Mary Ann stopped her.

"And you are to stay—" Julia demurred, but Mary Ann was firm. "Ain't no more trouble to fix up for five than to cook for two. Besides, I kind of thought maybe you'd help me a little. And besides there is the Christmas tree. And the baby oughtn't to go out in this cold."

Julia could do nothing except stay, for when Mary Ann made up her mind, she had her way.

"Run to my room, Julia, and get an apron. If we're going to have dinner at twelve, we've got to hustle."

The mother smiling ran to get the apron. Buddy did a wheel to celebrate, and Susie bumped her head trying to do like him. Mary Ann hugged her in her arms without caring who saw her now.

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Silas slipped behind Mary Ann and patted her shoulder awkwardly. "Mary Ann, I don't want you to cook today."

"Well, you'll never have a chance to say I'm not a good wife to you," she retorted. "And I reckon I might as well cook as to sit around all day waiting to go to the hotel. Hurry and go get some things from the store. If you've got a

small turkey it'd cook by dinner, and cranberries and—"

Silas took the slat basket on his arm and closed the door. He stopped on the steps and chuckled to himself. He put his ear to the door. Inside Mary Ann was humming a tune to herself. Buddy was trying to help her sing, and Susie chimed in

"It came upon a midnight clear."

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